

A true Copie of a  
**S P E E C H**

Spoken to  
**HIS SACRED MAJESTIE,**  
**CHARLES**  
The Second:

In *St. Paul's Church-yard*, as  
His MAJESTIE passed from the  
Tower of *London* to *White-hall* the day  
before His Royall Coronation,  
*April 22<sup>d</sup>, 1661.*

By *James Hewlett*, one of the Children now  
remaining in *Christ Hospitall*.

*L O N D O N,*  
Printed by *James Fleisher*, 1661.

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*Dread Sovereign,*

**H**istory tells us, that such piercing Raies darted forth from King *Philip's* countenance, as dazled the eyes of *Demosthenes* the Orator so much, that his voluble tongue forgot its duty, and was lock'd up in silence.

Much more might I fear the like to befall me, being now before so glorious a Sun, as may well dazle the eyes of so poor a Nothing as I am. Who am I, that I should adventure to invite the ears of so great a Majesty to so contemptible a sound, and the eyes of such a Glory to the beholding my self, and these vile Subjects? But I have heard,

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that

that as there is a Majestick Glory in Your Person, so there is a Royall Goodnesse in Your Disposition. This hath emboldned this poor Dust to beseech You to accept of two Mites from these the lowest and meanest of all Your Subjects.

Our first Mite is the expresseion of our Joy for Your Majesties wonderfull preservation in Your absence, Your safe arrivall to us, and Your presence among us. This Year may well be call'd *The Yeare of Wonders*; and this Day of your Solemnity may be term'd *the Birthday of England's Happiness*, and therefore deserves to be registred in the Kalender of the hearts of all Loyall subjects.

We have all seen those *Magnalia Dei* plainly discovered, and have observed the

the wheels of Divine Providence in a seeming contrariety; yet the motion at last to be true and regular. Blessed be that God, that in the midst of all our dismall Conflagrations did provide your Majesty a *Zoar* to rest in, and now at last hath so calm'd those storms and State-Convulsions, that You may this day encircle your Royall brows with a glorious Crown, and be advanced to your Throne in much Serenity.

But Mites, as they are of no great value, so they are pieces of no great quantity: I shall therefore offer up our second, which is a *Mite of prayer*, and then cease to put farther stop to this daies Solemnity.

We have two Petitions, the one to, the other for your Majesty. We humbly

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be-

beseech you (Most Dread Sovereign)  
 that as at first EDWARD the Sixt,  
 who once sway'd the Scepter of this  
 Kingdome lay'd a foundation for the  
 reception of poor Orphans, who have  
 since been upheld by all Your Royall  
 Ancestors, especially Your late Father  
 of blessed Memorie; so You would  
 shine upon us still by Your gracious  
 favour and Princely indulgence. There  
 are above Eleven hundred of us, part  
 whereof have in the name of all, pre-  
 sented themselves this day as lively  
 Monuments of God's mercy, and reall  
 Objects of Christian charity: for whom  
 through the pious care and faithfull  
 industry of the Right Honourable the  
 Lord Major, Aldermen, Governours,  
 and liberall Benefactors, a Table hath  
 been

been spread, and other Necessaries both for Soule and Body afforded, even in the midst of those Exigencies, that exposed others to Want and Penury.

But I am afraid any longer (Most Gracious Sovereign) to detain your Royall ears with childish Smatterings. I have done.

Heaven grant You long to live, and prosperously to Reigne over us, that when You have finished God's work, having sate upon this Earthly Throne Beloved, You may leave it Lamented.

In the mean time let Orphans eccho forth with gratefull acclamations,

*God blefs King CHARLES the Second.*